A. 487. ii.

LYRICK POEM.

By Dr. *WATTS.*

Set to MUSICK by B. GUNN,

ORGANIST of St. *Martin*'s and St. *Philip*'s in *BIRMINGHAM.*

The PLATES Engrav'd by M. BROOME.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by T. ARIS. M. DCC. XLII.

Price 2 s. 6 d.

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APR
15
64

TO ALL

LOVERS of CHURCH MUSICK.

THE following Piece was compos'd for the private Uſe of my Scholars, and was not deſign'd to go any farther, ſince this Branch of Muſick, in which ſacred Senſe is united to Sound, does not generally meet with ſo much Encouragement as other Branches of that Science do, by which the Ear only, and not the Soul, is affected. But when in thoſe worthy Families where I have the Honour to teach, who preferr'd this Style to any other, and in other Places, this Piece had been perform'd before many Perſons, who are excellent Judges both of Words and Sounds, and ſeveral Copies of it had been deſir'd, I was then induced to print it, as the cheapeſt Way of obliging my Friends, not without Hopes that it might prove acceptable to other Lovers of divine Harmony.

I own it to be in Imitation of that admirable Piece of Muſick compos'd by Mr. *Galliard*, for that noble Hymn in the Fifth Book of MILTON's *Paradiſe Loſt*. But this confeſs'd Imitation does not make my Work really either better or worſe. As it is made publick, it muſt chiefly depend upon its own Merit.

Perhaps I have flatter'd myſelf but too much upon the good-natur'd Applauſe of my Friends: This the Succeſs I meet with muſt determine; towards which deſirable End an exact Performance by the following Voices and Inſtruments, namely, a Treble, Counter-Tenor, and Baſs-Voice, with the Organ or Harpſichord, and Violancello, are abſolutely neceſſary.

I have prefix'd the Words altogether, that the Poem, whatever the Muſick be, may loſe nothing of its Original Beauty and Elegance.

A LYRICK POEM. By Dr. *WATTS.*

Set to MUSICK by *B. GUNN.*

I.

RECITAT. FAIREST of all the Lights above,
Thou Sun, whoſe Beams adorn the Spheres,
And with unweary'd Swiftneſs move
To form the Circles of our Years;

II.

AIR. Praiſe the Creator of the Skies,
That dreſs'd thine Orb in golden Rays;
Or may the Sun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's Praiſe.

III.

RECITAT. Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
Fair Queen of Silence, ſilver Moon,
Whoſe gentle Beams, and borrow'd Light,
Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon;

IV.

AIR. Ariſe, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning Honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky Hours,
And half ſupply the abſent Day.

V.

RECITAT. Ye twinkling Stars who gild the Skies,
When Darkneſs has its Curtains drawn,
And keep your Watch with wakeful Eyes,
When Buſineſs, Cares, and Day are gone;

VI.

AIR. Proclaim the Glories of your Lord,
Diſpers'd through all the heav'nly Street;
Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures can afford,
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

VII.

RECITAT. Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair Palace of the Court divine;
Where with inimitable Light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine;

VIII.

AIR. Praiſe thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely Beams of Grace
On ev'ry Angel, ev'ry Saint,
Nor veils the Luſtre of his Face.

CHORUS.

O God of Glory, God of Love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our Days:
With all thy ſhining Works above,
Let Earth and Duſt attempt thy Praiſe.

SUN MOON, and STARS, Praiſe ye the LORD.

Recitative. Faireſt of all the Lights above, Thou Sun, whoſe Beams adorn the Spheres, And with unweary'd

Swiftneſs move, To form the Circles of our Years; Pra.....

Largo.

.....iſe the Creat..or of the Skies, That dreſs'd thine Orb in Gol..den Rays;

Pra.....iſe the Creat..or of the Skies, That dreſs'd thine Orb in Gold..en Rays; Or

Volti Subito

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may the Sun for...get to riſe If he for..get his Mak...er's Prai.....ſe. Or may the

Sun for...get to riſe If he for..get his Mak...er's Praiſe.

Rect: Thou reigning Beauty of the Night, Fair Queen of Silence Silver Moon, Whoſe gen..tle gen....tle

Lively.

Beams and borrow'd Light Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon;

Volti Subito.

A ri ſe, A ri ſe, A ri

ſe, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r Waxing and waning Honours pay, Waxing and wa ning Ho nours

1ſt S: 2d

pay, pay, Who bid thee rule the dus ky Hou rs, And half ſup ply the

ab ſent Day. Who bid thee rule bi d thee rule the dus ky Hou rs,

Votti Subito.

Votti Subito.

And half ſup..ply the ab....ſent Day. And half ſup....ply the ab.....ſent Day.

Rect. Ye twinkling Stars who gild the Skies When Darkneſs has its Curtains drawn, Who keep your Watch with wakeful Eyes,

When Buſineſs, Cares and Day are gone;

Not too Faſt.

Volti Subito.

Proclaim the Glori...es the Glories of your Lord

Proclaim the Glori...es the Glo.....ries the Glo.....ries of your Lord Diſperſt,

Diſperſt thro' all the heav'nly Street, Diſperſt Diſperſt Diſperſt Diſ..per.....

.....ſt, thro' all the heav'nly Street, Whoſe bound...leſs Treaſures can af...ford So

Volti Subito.

Volti Subito.

rich a Pavement So rich a Pave...ment for his Feet. Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures can afford

So rich a Pavement for his Feet. So ric...ch a Pavement Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures

can afford So rich a Pavement for his Feet. can a...fford So ri...ch a

Pavement for his Feet. (Whoſe) for his Feet.

Volti Subito.

Rect:

Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns ſupremely bright, Fair

Palace of the Court Divine, Where with in..im..it..able Light The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine;

:S: :S:

:S: *Vol: Subito.*

Prai..ſe thou thy great Inhabit..ant,

:S: *Vol: Subito.*

Prai..... ſe Prai..... ſe thou thy great Inhabit...ant, Who ſcat.....ters

tr.

love..ly Beams of Grace Who ſcat..ters Who ſcat..ters love.....ly Beams Who ſcat.....

.....ters lovely Beams ſcat.....ters lovely Beams of Grace ſcat.....ters love.....ly Bea.....ms of Grace

On eve.....ry An..gel, eve.....ry Saint, on eve.....ry Saint, Nor vails (*Vol: Subito.*

Nor vails the Luſ.....tre of his Face. Who ſcatters love..ly Beams of Grace On eve....ry

Ang.....el eve.....ry Saint, Nor vails Nor vails the Luſ.....tre

Nor vai.....ls the Luſ.....ter Nor vails the Luſ.....ter

of his Face.

:S:

:S:

CHORUS.

God of Love, God of Love,

O God of Glo---ry, God of Love,

God of Glo---ry, God of Love, God of Love,

O God of Love, Thou art the Sun that make..s our Days:

O God of Glo---ry, God of Love, Thou art the Sun that make..s our Days:

O God of Glo---ry, God of Love, Thou art the Sun that makes our Days:

With all thy ſhining Works ab..ove Let Earth and Duſt at...tempt thy Praiſe. With all thy ſhin...ing Works ab.....

With all thy ſhining Works ab..ove Let Earth and Duſt at...tempt thy Praiſe. With all thy ſhin...ing Works ab.....

With all thy ſhining Works ab..ove Let Earth and Duſt at...tempt thy Praiſe. With all thy ſhin...ing Works ab.....

....ove Let Earth and Duſt at..tempt thy Praiſe. Let Earth and Duſt at..tempt thy Praiſe.

....ove Let Earth and Duſt at..tempt thy Praiſe. Let Earth and Duſt at..tempt thy Praiſe.

....ove Let Earth and Duſt at..tempt thy Praiſe. Let Earth and Duſt at..tempt thy Praiſe.